# MISS WEALTHY -DEPUTY SHERIFF-

A' Story of Love, Law and a Kitchen Stove

## By ELIZABETH NEFF Large to the commence of the commence of the commence of the commence of

Why, honey, who you got there?"

STNOPSIS OF PROCEDING CHAPTERS

### CHAPTER VII. The Vigilantes Return.

HE went about in a lone-Some way, putting fresh linen on the beds, making ready for the detention of the real culprit when he should arrive, and replenishing her pantry with a good baking.

The sun was low in the west when leading to the west when leading to the lower way in the west when leading to the lower way in the west when leading to the lower way in the west when leading to the lower way in the west when leading to the lower way in the west when leading to the lower way in the west when leading to the lower way in the large way in the large way in the large way in the asked, peering in.

"A pore feller that got throwed out in front of the house. He don't know nothing yet, but his skull ain't cracked. I made sure of the house. He don't know nothing yet, but his skull ain't cracked. I made sure of the house. He don't know nothing yet, but his akull ain't cracked. I made sure of that."

"It wasn't a horse. It'—she hesitated but went on casually—"it was lead out the lower way in the large way in the asked, peering in.

"A pore feller that got throwed out in front of the house. He don't know nothing yet, but his akull ain't cracked. I made sure of that."

"It wasn't a horse. It'—she hesitated but went on casually—"it was lead out the large way in the asked, peering in.

"A pore feller that got throwed out in front of the house. He don't know nothing yet, but his akull ain't cracked. I made sure of that."

she heard weary, shuffling footsteps "It was! Why, Wealthy, what sort on the walk and the voices of the reof clothes did he have on?"

She pushed him back as he crowded on the walk and the voices of the returning posse. Her shears clinked loudly as she sprang to her feet find iniged out to the gates in a joiting, sidewise trot. Wealthy was running. They were all there, the old comrades of the "73d," tired, dusty and handing under the heavy burden of their accourements. Her father was leading, his brave, white head erect, his blue eyes dancing with joy in his homecoming.

"Welt, we had a fine trip, daughter! It was like old times. We set round the camp-fire hast night and told stories of '62, and it was a real pleasure. The woods is jest full of squirreis and chipmunks—they sassed us, like everything—and rabbits and birds—why, I haven't saw the like of birds in years. I'm glad I never letter ward that, ridin on one of them bicycles, he would nuturally go down round by Poketown through the cover ruther than try to come over the fortles.

"I wanted to git some limiment for my feet. They're so sore I can't sleep. Don't you want me to go for the doctor?"

"No, ha, I don't 'llow I need that young doctor. He's so full of non-sense that he'd not git down to real doctorin' fore the feller got well anyway. You-all go on to bed, pa, and trest you. There'll be things to do in the mornin'. I've had a wonderful lively times since you-all went away, anyhow. There was three fellers here, two of 'em in blue suits, and they up and owned to it that they robbed the bank. And they left ten dollars so's I wouldn't tell on 'em, I recken. I don't know what else it was for."

"And you never said a word. Well, I declare! But you'll have to send for the doctor, good or no good, honey, was for." turning posse. Her shears clinked

and help me see what's happened of here."

She groped her way out through the dust and saw in dim outline the figure she sought, lying as though dead. She stooped down and took the head in her arms, a young head covered with soft light hair. He was not even breathing at first, but as he lay breathing at first, but as he lay against the warm deep breast a gasp came at length, and then another, though he did not awake to consciousness. She held him close for a few minutes, all the stifled motherhood within her surging up in frantic holy; then, as she stroked back the hair from the temple, the peculiar warmth of blood spread over her hand.

"You, Moses," she called sharply, up thar! You ain't hurt one Come and help me carry this into the house. You've nigh man into the house. You've his about killed him, crawlin' in whe you hadn't no business to be out-

and the goat tied, anyway."

Moses came and between them they carried the limp body into the small downstairs bedroom and laid it on the bed, where Wealthy rendered first aid in primitive but effective fashion. Afterward she helped Moses carry the wreck of the machine to the The little satchel which hung from the saddle she threw upon the shelf and hurried back to her

atient.

He was breathing now, regularly ut laboric's ly, still unconscious.

Vealthy looked at him in jealous He was breathing now, regularly but laboric usly, still unconscious, wealthy looked at him in jealous "He'll get over it all right," she all right," she announced. "He's breathin' good now and put a gereen in its place. After breakfast she in i her prisoners, she claimed the in-jured man for her very own.

With a sigh of pure joy she bathed the white face again with cold water,

ewed the bandages of camphor and pounded mullein upon the swol-len bruises and stretched him out Wealthy was considlarge experience. She stood ready at "He ain't ben able to tell."

any hour of the day or night to go "Of course not. But didn't he h chedrfulness that but faintly indi-

ETICO TATELATORES EIN, ZWEI, DREI!

By Robert Minor



cried, regaining her balance.
"I ain't ben up to nothin'. I des should befall through her neglect.
"I ain't ben up to nothin'. I des should befall through her neglect.
"I ain't ben up to nothin'. I des should befall through her neglect.
"I ain't ben up to nothin'. I des should befall through her neglect.
"I ain't ben up to nothin'. I des should befall through her neglect.
"I ain't ben up to nothin'. I des should befall through her neglect.
"I ain't ben up to nothin'. I des should befall through her neglect.
"I ain't ben up to nothin'. I des should befall through her neglect.
"I want a drink, sonny? Pore child, of the practitioner but his strongest when that she was not only the terror of a calf is that neglect.
"I want a drink, sonny? Pore child, of the practitioner but his strongest when that she was not only the terror of a calf is that neglect.
"I want a drink, sonny? Pore child, ally. Her metheds were murderous, bead is just about bustin'! Well, yet people improved when she came. Wealthy is goin' to take keer of you here."
"Yep. Awful pretty." "Wouldn't you like to take here."
"But I couldn't. Kin I?" de health. Therefore it was something when I was something the lad."
"You sartingly kin. I we health." kin run your own tongue."

She patted up the pillow gently.
"They shan't pester you, either, bout why you done it. I reckon there's more'n one blue suit in the worth while to do anything when he

"We'll see," he said. "Pretty serious contusion, this on the temple—
is pretty serious. What have you got on here?"

"Jest now I've got tansy and vine—
gar. I've had other things."

"The swelling isn't as bad as might be expected," admitted the doctor. "But you have a nice task of here—compound fracture of the leg, and sprained ankle. Pretty well used anything about him to indicate his litentity? Where are his clothes?

"You'll have to send word to his people, you know."

Her father came springing up the pike in less than an hour—a very juick trip for him.

"I told 'em all I was fetchin' loe in this basket and ef I stopped to tell 'em ail 'bout my chase it would melt. but, best I could do, I couldn't git wawn no sooner. I guess there's some left. I'll put it on his head quick as the hatchet cools off—I'll never let the doctor know how big a fool I was." she added, but I do want to have the ice on when he comes. I larned a heap from the old doctor, all unbeknownst."

"Now, what you want me to do be-fore I start the dinner fire, Wealthy? I'll just have to go back and tell tion. She took charge of the household as well as the patient, and, if he
hold as well as the patient, and, if he
died, was in her full glory. If the
call was a needless one, if the illness
was slight and the sufferer recovered
was slight and the sufferer recovered
without having full beneat of her on my hands botherin round," be you. I told 'em you'd have to be

"Don't you think he's mighty "Yep. Awful pretty."
"Wouldn't you like to take him home for your'n?"
"But I couldn't. Kin i?" doubted

"You sartingly kin. I was jest waitin' for a good little boy to give him to. You're a good little boy, ain't you?"
"Kin I sure 'nough have him?"

Wealthy, had it.

"What in the world has been all the veranda. She hoped that his the goin's on at your house here late.

"I heard strangers talkin' and caller might stay. A sudden exquilaughin' when your pa was away, site breath of evening swept through

transport to the lays like a log. It ain't the fash to now to invite in much comp'ny to see sick folks. I don't think? The invalid thought it over. The invalid thought it over. The was compined by the see sick folks. I don't think? I can't tell. I feel awfully gone—maybe fin hungry. The see sick folks. I don't think? I can't tell. I feel awfully gone—maybe fin hungry. The see side in the building and the see that the core see. The said that the core see. Yes. He said the folks and the see that the form see for sunday cause the river was so low he might not git back. It was seen the core for sunday cause the river was so tow he might not git back. The seen seed to be core form Sunday cause the river was so low he might not git back in the corpes. Yes. She noded sound. If was only the corpes the see that the corpes. Yes. She noded sound. If was not seed and sign four tent and

that afternoon, her eyes upon her work in worried alertness. Wealthy knew is from sight. Then she saw the slim old form of Granny Keller, with its face of her boy had changed and that his despensed that into beeh a special dispensation of Providence which laid Moses across the walk at her own gate and gave her a double claim to title in her patient? She hurried in. Granny pretended that she wanted the potato-bail that week for her sponge; she knew perfectly well-that Delilah McGurk, and not Wealthy, had it.

"What in the world has been all that week for her sponge; she knew perfectly well-that Delilah McGurk, and not wently and friends as near as he area. This was an occasion when she had dared and she him ensconced in a chair by the bed-thim usual and found the gaugplank and had the pleasure of seeing him blend with the dusk as the boat paddled away, the light of shir large in the suddenly reached for wealthy's with at reveront salinatry. "You have been delicated that he never—done nothin' ag'in the law," she urged. It is face of her boy had dreaded that he never—done nothin' ag'in the law," she urged. The had cealed way the landing at the plant to each policies as an occasion when she had down to the landing, escorted him up the gaugplank and had the pleasure of seeing him blend with the dusk as the boat paddled away, the light of seeing him blend with the dusk as the boat paddled away, the light of seeing him blend with the dusk as the boat paddled away, the light of seeing him blend with the dusk as the boat plant of seeing him blend with the dusk as the boat paddled away, the light of seeing him blend with the dusk as the boat plant of seeing him blend with the dusk as the boat p

jest goin' down river to see some of his kinfolks, most likely."
"Do you reckon that's who he is?"
"I sure do," announced Wealthy, with an emphasis that closed the sub-

Nevertheless, she went out to the

The share way. Wealthy some arrived, but go he must. He forms worth.

And the same arrived, but go he must. He forms worth.

And the same arrived, but go he must. He forms worth.

And the same arrived and share arrived by the same arrived and share arrived and share arrived by the same arrived and share arrived

is remarkable for this peck of the woods, as I have reason to know. There must be somebody round here

(in the contract of the contra woodshed and climbed on a chair to inspect the shelf for the twentieta time. The disappearance of the little satchet was something she could not account for. No thief had ever yet disturbed her premises. What magic till he gits back to ask who give 'em ticle?'

Next Week's Complete Novel

in THE EVENING WORLD

By John Breckenridge Ellis

This Book on the Stands Will Cost You \$1.25. You Get It for 6 Cents.

disturbed her premises. What maste had spirited away that important article?

When the invalid recovered consciousness there was a fresh struggle. "I won't hurt him none, Wealthy, jest to take keer of him once in a while to rest you. You'il get wore out and then what will he do?"

"Time enough when I do," she said grimly. "And you keep out till I leave you go in."

"The patient was recovering fast. His appetite was a delight to his nurse, and her exquisite cookery did him no harm. Within a week he had persuaded the doctor to say that he might sit up on the following morning. Wealthy twisted about uncomfortably at this announcement, and when they were alone she remarked:

"I don't know wilat you're goin' to do bout clothes. Yours was tors up something terrible."

"They must have been, but they could be sent away"—he lifted himself on his elbow—"away to a tailor and fixed up enough to wear until I get to my trunk."

"No, they couldn't; oh, my, no you never saw the like. They won't hardly make carpet rags. I don't know wilat you're goin be now I 've got some of 'em cut up a'ready," protested Wealthy mendaciously.

"Did anybody pick up my satche!" I had some things in hat Do you know what became of it?"

"I don't reckon I do," confessed Wealthy; truthfolly. "It was so dark and you was so near dead — but I wore worthing reway to a dark the winged cuffs embroidered in turkey restand you was so near dead — but I we get some of 'em cut up a'ready," protested Wealthy mendaciously.

"Did anybody pick up my satche!" I had some things in hat Do you know what became of it?"

"I don't reckon I do," confessed Wealthy; but her father still wondered: "It's queer where he could 'a' went, and you was so near dead — but I

fixed up enough to wear until I get to my trunk."

"No, they couldn't; oh, my, no' You never saw the like. They won't hardly make carpet rags. I don't know — mebbe now I 've got some of 'em cut up a'ready," protested Wealthy mendaciously.

"Did anybody pick up my satchei? I had some things in that. Do you know what became of it?"

"I don't reckon I do," confessed Wealthy truthfully. "It was so dark and you was so near dead — but I picked it up: I'm sartan of that. I know positive that I laid it on the shelf in the shed—and it jest ain't there."

dered:
"It's queer where he could 'a' went.

Wealthy plunged heavily out of the room, rewarded for a lifetime of stifled curiosity and faithful services, had that been the price. Her key heard the dishes clatter after a little while; but for a time there was done in the high house.